They are Perſian attire, but let them be chang'd.
Kent. Now good my Lord lie here awhile.
Lear. Make no noiſe, make no noiſe, draw the curtains, ſo, ſo, ſo,
Weele go to ſupper i'h morning, ſo, ſo, ſo, *Enter Gloſter.*
Gloſt. Come hither friend, where is the King my maiſter.
Kent. Here ſir, but trouble him not his wits are gon.
Gloſt. Good friend I prithy take him in thy armes,
I haue or'e heard a plot of death vpon him,
Ther is a Litter ready lay him in't, & driue towards Douer frend,
Where thou ſhalt meet both welcome & protection, take vp thy maſter,
If thou ſhould'ſt dally halfe an houre, his life with thine
And all that offer to defend him ſtand in aſſured loſſe,
Take vp the King and followe me, that will to ſome prouiſion
Giue thee quicke conduct.
Kent. Oppreſſed nature ſleepes,
This reſt might yet haue balmed thy broken ſinewes,
Which if conuenience will not alow ſtand in hard cure,
Come helpe to beare thy maiſter, thou muſt not ſtay behind.
Gloſt. Come, come away. *Exit.*
Edg. When we our betters ſee bearing our woes: we ſcarcely thinke, our miſeries, our foes.
Who alone ſuffers ſuffers, moſt i'h mind,
Leauing free things and happy ſhowes behind,
But then the mind much ſufferance doth or'e ſcip,
When griefe hath mates, and bearing fellowſhip:
How light and portable my paine ſeemes now,
When that which makes me bend, makes the King bow.
He childed as I fathered, *Tom* away,
Marke the high noyſes and thy ſelfe bewray,
When falſe opinion whoſe wrong thoughts defile thee,
In thy iuſt proofe repeals and reconciles thee,
What will hap more to night, ſafe ſcape the King,
Lurke, lurke.
Enter Cornwall, and Regan, and Gonoril, and Baſtard. (letter
Corn. Poſt ſpeedily to my Lord your husband ſhew him this
The army of France is landed, ſeeke out the vilaine *Gloſter.*
Regan. Hang him inſtantly.
Gon. Plucke out his eyes.

Corn.

Corn. Leaue him to my diſpleaſu
The reuenge we are bound to take
Are not fit for your beholding, a
To a moſt feſtuant preparatiō we
Our poſt ſhall be ſwift and intelli
Farewell deere ſiſter, farewell my
How now whers the King?
Stew. My Lord of *Gloſter* hath
Some fiue or ſixe and thirtie of his
him, met him at gate, who with ſo
dants are gone with him towards
haue well armed friends.
Corn. Get horſes for your miſtri
Gon. Farewell ſweet Lord and
Corn. *Edmund* farewell. goe ſe
Pinion him like a theefe, bring hi
Though we may not paſſe vpon h
Without the forme of Iuſtice, yet
Shall doe a curteſie to our wrath, w
But not controule, whoſe there, th
Enter Gloſter brought i
Reg. Ingratfull Fox tis hee.
Corn. Bind faſt his corkie armes
Gloſt. What meanes your Grac
You are my geſts, doe me no foule
Corn. Bind him I ſay,
Reg. Hard hard, O filthie trayt
Gloſt. Vnmercifull Lady as you
Corn. To this chaire bind him,
Gloſt. By the kind Gods tis mo
by the beard. *Reg.* So white
Gloſt. Naughty Ladie, theſe haires
Will quicken and accuſe thee, I am
With robbers hands, my hoſpitabl
You ſhould not ruffell thus, what
Corn. Come ſir, what letters h
Reg. Be ſimple anſwerer, for w

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